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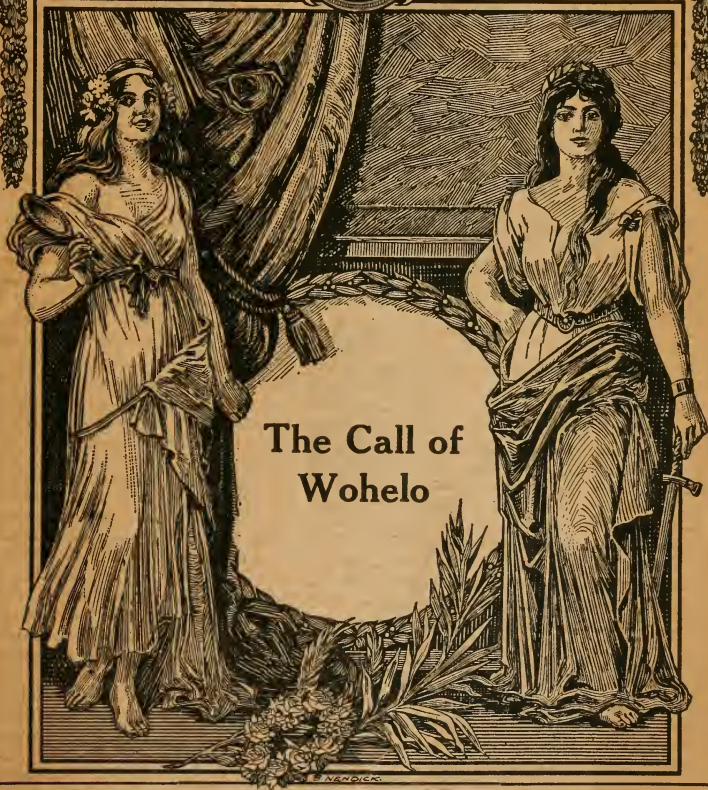
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The Call of
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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

THE CALL OF WOHELO

A COMEDY DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS

FOR CAMP FIRE GIRLS

BY

LINDSEY BARBEE

AUTHOR OF

"After the Game," "All On a Summer's Day," "At the End of the Rainbow," "By Way of the Secret Passage," "The Dream That Came True," "The Fifteenth of January," "The Kingdom of Heart's Content," "The Promise of Tomorrow," "Sing a Song of Seniors," "Then Greek Met Greek," "The Thread of Destiny," "Tomorrow at Ten," "A Trial of Hearts," "When the Clock Strikes Twelve," "The Whole Truth," "In the College Days," "Little Men and Women in Stageland," etc.



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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THE CALL OF WOHELO

ELLEN FERRIS *Guardian of the Camp*
 MRS. VALE *Camp Mother*
 BLUE BIRD (*Owaissa—Blue Bird*)... *Her Young Daughter*
 WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*Firefly*) *An Indian Girl*
 SYLVIA (*Wayaka—See Beauty*)..... *A Camp "Misfit"*
 AMY (*Kee-wee—Rainbow Maid*)..... *A Torch Bearer*
 MARIAN (*Disyadi—Moon Maid*)..... *A Fire Maker*
 EMILY (*Minnehaha—Laughing Water*) . *A Wood Gatherer*
 CONSTANCE (*Gaoh—Spirit of the Wind*) . *A Wood Gatherer*
 DOROTHY (*To-he-ha—Humming Bird*) . *A Wood Gatherer*

SCENE—*A Summer Camp of the Camp Fire Girls.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About One and Three-quarter Hours.*

ACT I. *The Mysterious Indian Maiden.*
 ACT II. *The Capture of the Ghost. Two Weeks Later.*
 ACT III. *The Council Fire. The Following Night.*

SETTING—*A part of the woods near the Camp.*

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SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I—Blue Bird runs errands for the busy Camp Fire girls, among whom Sylvia alone is idle. Sylvia is declared a Camp “misfit” and Miss Ferris decides to make one last effort to interest her in Camp Fire life. A visitor, Miss Marshall, a noted Camp Fire worker, is promised and Amy tells a ghost story in which she herself is heroine. Wah-wah-taysee chants magic words and Sylvia promises to seek “the treasure.”

ACT II—Under Wah-wah-taysee’s tutelage Sylvia becomes a very different girl, but the intimacy with the Indian brings criticism from her Camp Fire friends. The mention of Amy’s ghost produces peals of laughter, for constant watching has failed to detect “The Lady in White.” Miss Ferris announces that Miss Marshall will be present at the Council Fire. Amy persuades Marian and Sylvia to keep a last vigil for the ghost and they consent. Constance’s money disappears and suspicion turns to the Indian. Wah-wah-taysee sends a message. The ghost proves something of a sensation.

ACT III—The Council Fire. Miss Marshall and the Indian are discovered to be the same. Wah-wah-taysee tells her story and Sylvia is admitted to the rank of Wood Gatherer.

STORY OF THE PLAY.

The Camp Fire girls declare that Sylvia is a Camp “misfit,” for she has been in their midst for two months and has shown no inclination to engage in their sports and tasks. Miss Ferris, the Guardian of the Camp, explains that Sylvia has been placed in her charge for the express purpose of bringing her out of herself and introducing her to the big out-of-door world of which she knows nothing, and she also adds that, as guardian, she feels especially responsible and particularly discouraged. The prospective visit of Miss Marshall is discussed with great excitement by the girls, for Miss Marshall is a well-known and enthu-

siastic Camp Fire worker, who is not only beautiful but talented and wealthy. As a happy diversion comes the entrance of Wah-wah-taysee (Firefly), an Indian maiden, who, according to Miss Ferris, has been found camping near by and who has promised to give whatever help is needed in weaving and basketry. Pretending to be gifted with second sight, Wah-wah-taysee speaks a few clever, well-timed words as each girl is introduced to her, and declares that to Sylvia is given the opportunity of finding a treasure. Sylvia is immediately bewitched by the charm of the stranger, and under Wah-wah-taysee's teaching she becomes a most alert and interested student of forest and Indian lore, to whom a "treasure" has been promised and will be revealed. At the impressive Council Fire, Miss Ferris announces that the long-looked-for Miss Marshall is with them and to the girls' surprise Wah-wah-taysee enters the circle. To their further amazement she tells them that she has assumed this disguise at the request of Miss Ferris in order to show Sylvia the true meaning of the Camp Fire life, and to lead her to the treasure of the hidden romance and adventure in everyday life. Sylvia's name and honors are then conferred upon her and she is admitted to the rank of Wood Gatherer.

As a sub-plot comes the excitement caused by Amy's ghost, which she sees for three successive nights, and for which the girls decide to keep watch. After holding vigil for some nights they fail to see the specter and declare that Amy has dreamed it all; but Amy insists that her story is true and as a last test persuades Sylvia and Marian to keep watch with her. They discover that the ghost is Constance, whose excessive desire for exercise has caused her to walk in her sleep, and whose constant anxiety for the camp funds, of which she is custodian, results in her hiding the money box in an old hollow tree during one of her nightly perambulations.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

MRS. VALE—Pleasant and dignified.

MISS FERRIS—Of great poise and presence. Older than the other Camp Fire members.

BLUE BIRD—Sweet, quiet and alert to please. Under twelve years of age.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE—Of great charm and beauty, with an air of mystery.

SYLVIA—Languid and spoiled in Act I; completely changed in following acts.

AMY AND MARIAN—Older than the other girls and more dignified.

EMILY, CONSTANCE, DOROTHY—Gay, talkative and light-hearted.

All the Camp Fire girls wear the usual sport clothes in Acts I and II—middy blouses with dark skirts or bloomers. Sylvia, in Act I, wears high-heeled slippers. In Act III they all wear the ceremonial gowns—light-weight khaki trimmed with brown leather fringe, with bead headbands and necklaces or trimmings of honor beads. In the last part of Act II, Amy, Marian and Sylvia wear heavy coats or sweaters, and Constance, as the ghost, is attired in a white kimono or bathrobe, with a motor veil around her head.

MRS. VALE—Wears a plain summer morning gown.

MISS FERRIS—A sport suit in Acts I and II and ceremonial gown in Act III.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE—Complete Indian costume.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I—Large tree; hillock; boulder; tree stump; shrubby trees (preferably pines); camp stool; crocheting and letters for Mrs. Vale; books for Amy, Sylvia and Blue Bird; small box, paper, pencil and red account book for

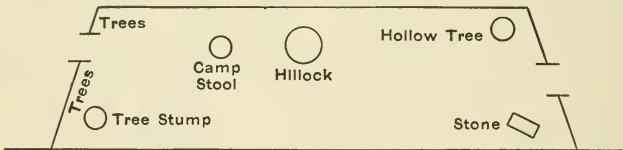
Constance; shirtwaist and sewing bag for Dorothy; basket for Emily.

ACT II—Beaded headband, money and electric flashlight for Sylvia; basket for Wah-wah-taysee; large pails of berries; electric flashlights for Amy and Marian; wrist watch for Amy; small pails for Emily, Constance and Dorothy; money box for Constance; bundles for Miss Ferris.

ACT III—Lighted lanterns for girls; unlighted candle and match for Miss Ferris; candles for Amy, Marian and Sylvia; two sticks of wood for Amy; faggots for Emily, Constance and Dorothy; paper for Amy; head band, ring, necklace and basket of beads for Wah-wah-taysee.

The three Wood Gatherers should wear the Wood Gatherer ring and have the emblem (logs ready to kindle) on the right arm. Marian, the Fire Maker, should wear the Fire Maker bracelet and the emblem (orange and red) on the right arm. Amy, the Torch Bearer, should have the pin and the emblem (touch of white).

SCENE PLOT.



NOTE:—Arc electric bulb should be placed under the faggots in Act 3, to simulate fire. If this is impossible, use merely the pretense of lighting.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE CALL OF WOHELO

ACT I.

SCENE: *The woods near the summer camp of a group of Camp Fire Girls. Full stage and woodland drop. Entrances R. U. E. and down L. Trees down R. and at R. U. E. Small hillock down C. and camp stool R. of hillock. Large trees L. U. E. and large stone or boulder L. 2 E. Tree stump R. 2 E. Trees, shrubbery, etc.*

At rise stage is well illuminated since it is morning. Discovered, MRS. VALE, seated on camp stool, crocheting; AMY on hillock, reading; CONSTANCE at foot of tree L. U. E., busily engaged with pencil and paper; DOROTHY on stone L. 2 E., sewing on shirtwaist; EMILY on tree stump R. 2 E., weaving a basket; BLUE BIRD at C., reading.

DOROTHY (*holding up shirtwaist*). *There!* It's done—and I defy anybody to make a better one.

EMILY (*glancing up*). Distance lends enchantment, my dear Dot.

DOROTHY. Not in this case. Why, Emily, every buttonhole is a thing of beauty. Blue Bird! (BLUE BIRD *looks up*.) Take it over to your mother, won't you? (BLUE BIRD *rises with reluctance*.) That's a good girl! (*Sighs*.) I'm too tired to move. (BLUE BIRD *takes waist to MRS. VALE*.)

EMILY. *Tired!* What about Blue Bird? If that child had a cyclometer attached to her she'd register a hundred miles.

DOROTHY. Exercise is good for her young bones. By the time she's a Camp Fire member she'll be a regular wiz. (*To MRS. VALE*.) What do you think of my fairy stitches?

MRS. VALE. They're really beautiful, Dorothy. Many a lovely thought must have been interwoven to make them so perfect.

EMILY. I'm not so sure about the lovely thoughts. I

happened to be with her when she cut both sleeves for the same arm.

BLUE BIRD (*returning to her former position*). I know what she said when the collar wouldn't fit.

DOROTHY. Dear me! How I am advertised by my loving friends! (*Yawns.*) Blue Bird, would you just as soon bring it back to me? (*BLUE BIRD rises, returns shirtwaist to DOROTHY and seats herself again at C.*)

CONSTANCE. Blue Bird, would you mind getting my little red account book? (*BLUE BIRD rises.*) It's in the table drawer—no, in my handkerchief box. (*BLUE BIRD starts toward R.*) Wait a minute. (*BLUE BIRD stops.*) I believe I left it in my coat pocket. You might look in all three places. (*Exit BLUE BIRD, R. U. E.*) How much is eight times seven? (*Before anyone can answer.*) There! I knew you couldn't answer.

DOROTHY. Suppose you give us a chance.

AMY (*laying aside her book*). It used to be fifty-six when I had the task of camp treasurer. It's good practice, Constance. Keep your books balanced and you'll bring honor to the family.

CONSTANCE. I'm not half so particular about the honor the family gets as I am about that big yellow bead that's coming my way.

EMILY. *Maybe!* It's not safe to count your beads before they're strung.

CONSTANCE. It's safe in this case. Why I've slaved over my accounts and I've spent sleepless nights worrying about this money box.

MRS. VALE (*protestingly*). But, my dear—

CONSTANCE. Oh, I know it's a perfectly safe camp, but, just the same, something might happen, and if it *did* I'd get the blame.

AMY. Poor old Con. She tries a new hiding place each day and—

Enter BLUE BIRD from R. U. E.

BLUE BIRD. I can't find your book anywhere.

CONSTANCE. Oh, dear—oh *dear*—where could I have put it!

BLUE BIRD. Maybe it's in the hot water bag.

CONSTANCE. No, I remember taking it out of that. Never mind, Blue Bird. (*Rises.*) I'll go myself. I need the exercise anyway. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

AMY (*as BLUE BIRD returns to her book at C.*). Taking exercise seems to be her hobby, doesn't it?

DOROTHY. Worse than hobby—for you can ride a hobby, and poor old Con almost walks her feet off.

EMILY. Gets up before breakfast to do her Marathon.

DOROTHY. That's not the worst of it. Some nights when she's half asleep she takes a notion that she hasn't walked off an extra pound and immediately trots 'round and 'round the camp.

AMY. If she perseveres she'll live up to her name—Spirit of the Wind.

DOROTHY. Spirit of the Wind! (*Chuckles.*) She's still got some to go!

EMILY. I'm going to change my name.

DOROTHY. Who's the happy man?

EMILY. Don't be silly, Dot.

MRS. VALE. What's the matter with Laughing Water? It suits you, my dear.

EMILY. But it doesn't suit my basket. I want a name that can be illustrated, and who can illustrate Laughing Water?

DOROTHY. Just weave in some nice grinny little wavelets—simplest thing in the world.

EMILY. Now *your* name is *easy*—anybody could weave a humming bird.

DOROTHY. Well, *I'm* thinking of changing one letter in *my* name. After looking at *this* (*holding up the shirtwaist*) nothing but hemming bird seems appropriate.

AMY (*waving off L.*). Here's Marian!

Enter MARIAN down L.

DOROTHY. Hello, Maid Marian! How's Robin Hood?

MARIAN (*sinking on ground by AMY*). Fine! Sends his love to the crowd and begs you to make use of Sherwood Forest whenever the spirit moves you.

MRS. VALE. Where have you been all morning?

MARIAN. Canoeing. Look at my nose. (*Wrinkles her nose.*) Picking flowers—look at my hands (*holds out her hands*). Tramping—look at my feet! (*Stretches out her feet.*)

AMY. Such ambition! At this rate you'll be rattling with honor beads.

MARIAN (*patting AMY's hand*). Even then I can't come up to you in your exalted position of Torch Bearer.

AMY. Oh, yes you can—for between a Torch Bearer and a Fire Maker there is only the difference of—

MARIAN. A few dozen superhuman efforts. Don't belittle your pinnacle, my dear.

MRS. VALE (*putting away her crocheting*). Experience has taught me that an athletic morning produces an athletic appetite.

MARIAN (*laughing*). Experience is a wise teacher.

MRS. VALE. So—I'll interview the cook. (*Rises as—*)

CONSTANCE *enters R. U. E., with small red book.*

MRS. VALE. Well, Constance, I see you found it. (*All girls stand until MRS. VALE goes off at R. U. E.*)

CONSTANCE (*at C.*). And where do you think it was? Right on the table underneath the blotter with a pile of books on top of it. Funny you didn't see it, Blue Bird.

BLUE BIRD. I think it would be funny if I *had* seen it.

AMY (*ris .g and walking to tree L. U. E., and peeping in*). Why don't you use the hollow tree for your treasures? Nobody would ever suspect such a hiding place.

MARIAN. Nobody except the members of this camp. When I peked in this morning I distinctly noticed—a side comb—

AMY (*holding up her hand*). Mine!

MARIAN. And a book of fairy tales—

BLUE BIRD. Mine! (*Holds up her hand.*)

MARIAN. A darning egg—

DOROTHY (*holding up her hand*). Mine!

MARIAN. A bathing cap—

EMILY (*holding up her hand*). Mine!

MARIAN. And a box of candy. (*Silence. Each one looks at the other.*) Now—who's guilty?

CONSTANCE (*seating herself at the foot of tree, L. U. E.*). Oh—that's Sylvia's. It came yesterday afternoon.

BLUE BIRD. And she's eating it now, all stretched out comfortable under a tree.

AMY (*returning to hillock and seating herself*). Candy! What heresy!

BLUE BIRD. And a silly novel, too. I saw it.

DOROTHY. How do you know it's silly?

BLUE BIRD. It's about lovers.

MARIAN (*laughingly*). Well spoken, my suffragette! Now who sent her the candy?

BLUE BIRD. It's a secret, she says.

EMILY. Then she probably sent it to herself.

CONSTANCE (*rapturously*). Candy! I wonder what would happen if I ate a piece.

DOROTHY. You would gain a pound—don't try it.

AMY. What are we to do with Sylvia?

MARIAN. I don't see that it is up to us to do anything.

AMY. But she's such a misfit.

MARIAN. Miss Ferris knows that as well as we.

EMILY. She's certainly not interested in *us*.

DOROTHY. Nor in outdoor sports.

CONSTANCE. She's been in the Camp Fire for two months—

EMILY. And she's never even made an effort to gain an honor.

DOROTHY. Nor to become a Wood Gatherer. With Em, Con and me as shining examples, I'd think she'd break her neck to join.

Enter MISS FERRIS at R. U. E.

MISS FERRIS. Greeting, my braves! (*All stand.*) You all look so luxuriously lazy that I'm tempted to ask-how well you've been living up to the seven Camp Fire essentials.

AMY. Pursue knowledge! (*Holds up her book.*) Behold!

CONSTANCE. Be trustworthy. (*Shakes money box.*)

MARIAN. Hold on to health. Look at me!

DOROTHY. Glorify work. (*Holds up shirtwaist.*) I've done it!

EMILY. Be happy. (*Smiles beamingly.*) Watch my smile!

BLUE BIRD. Give service. I've run errands all day.

MISS FERRIS (*counting*). One—two—three—four—five—six! One more essential—seek beauty. Who has specialized in that? (*No one answers.*) Well, we'll leave that to Sylvia. By the way, where is Sylvia?

AMY (*as she pushes MISS FERRIS on camp stool*). Resting, I believe.

MISS FERRIS. Resting? From what?

MARIAN (*sitting on hillock*). From herself, I suppose. Nobody else has been with her.

(*Silence for a few moments, during which AMY and CONSTANCE seat themselves under tree L. U. E.; EMILY and DOROTHY on stone at L. 2 E.; BLUE BIRD picks up her book at C. and sits at MISS FERRIS' feet.*)

MISS FERRIS (*sighing*). What are we to do with her, girls?

AMY. We've just asked ourselves that very question, Miss Ferris, and there seems to be no answer. We've done our best to make her one of us, but to no avail.

CONSTANCE. She's not happy—that's quite evident.

MISS FERRIS. But is she *unhappy*?

DOROTHY. Just indifferent—she doesn't care one way or the other.

MISS FERRIS. I've tried so hard to interest her and I feel so worried over the result of it all, since Sylvia was entrusted to me with the hope that I could open the big world of nature to her and get her away from the narrow artificial life she's always led.

AMY. Still it's the life she likes—

MISS FERRIS. But not the life she needs—and her mother hoped that this summer in the camp would inspire her to

form habits of strength and vigor and would awaken a love of out-of-door freedom and out-of-door spirit. I've failed—that's all.

MARIAN. Don't say that, Miss Ferris. You're not looking at it from the right standpoint.

MISS FERRIS. What other standpoint can there be? The Camp Fire has been tested and found wanting.

AMY. Rather let us say that Sylvia has been found wanting.

MISS FERRIS. There's just one more chance that we may win her.

MARIAN (*eagerly*). And that?

MISS FERRIS (*hastily*). I'll tell you later. (*Changing her tone.*) Now for a surprise!

BLUE BIRD (*clapping her hands*). A surprise! A surprise!

Enter SYLVIA at R. U. E.

SYLVIA. Who has a surprise? Do tell it. (*Sinks wearily on stump.*) My, but I'm tired!

MISS FERRIS. If you've been walking in those high-heeled slippers, Sylvia, it's no wonder that you're tired.

SYLVIA. Oh, it isn't that kind of *tired*; it's the kind that comes when there's nothing to do.

AMY (*in surprise*). Nothing to do?

SYLVIA. Nothing that I want to do.

AMY. Take an early swim for that tired feeling.

SYLVIA (*shivering*). Ugh!

MARIAN. Or go canoeing.

SYLVIA (*complacently*). I can't afford to risk my complexion.

CONSTANCE (*shaking box*). Try my job for a while.

SYLVIA (*crushingly*). Do school work in summer? Not much.

DOROTHY (*displaying waist*). Try your hand at sewing.

SYLVIA (*peevishly*). The very sight of a needle gets on my nerves. Anyway, mother has all my sewing done for me—what's the use of my bothering?

DOROTHY. Don't you ever want to do things for yourself?

SYLVIA. Not when I can get other people to do them for me.

EMILY. I'll be glad to teach you basket weaving.

SYLVIA. It's too hard on the hands. (*Graciously.*) Thank you just the same.

AMY (*extending book*). Try my book—you'll like it.

SYLVIA. Oh, I haven't finished my own. (*Holds out her own book.*) This is all about duchesses and princes and ladies-in-waiting.

DOROTHY. Why on earth don't you read about common, everyday people whom you're likely to meet?

SYLVIA. Common, everyday people aren't interesting.

EMILY. How do you know that duchesses and princes and ladies-in-waiting are interesting? You've never known any and aren't likely to know them.

SYLVIA. But I can hope to know them. (*Loftily.*) One must have ideals, you know.

BLUE BIRD. We're forgetting all about the surprise, Miss Ferris.

MISS FERRIS. So we are. Well, here's my bit of news. (*Impressively.*) Miss Marshall is coming to visit us.

AMY (*eagerly*). Margaret Marshall?

MISS FERRIS. Margaret Marshall—the Miss Marshall—and my best friend.

CONSTANCE. When is she coming?

MISS FERRIS. Sometime soon. We'll have a Council Fire while she is here.

DOROTHY (*clapping her hands*). And she'll see us get our honor beads. Splendid!

SYLVIA (*curiously*). And who is Miss Marshall?

MISS FERRIS. A young woman with many gifts—wealth, beauty, cleverness and charm—who has used them all in Camp Fire service. You must have heard of her, Sylvia, for she comes from your own city.

SYLVIA (*quickly*). Not Miss Marshall, the heiress?

MISS FERRIS. The same.

SYLVIA. But why should anyone who has money—and social position and—(*hesitates*)

MISS FERRIS. Find interest in the Camp Fire work? Is that what you mean? Because she realizes that true beauty, romance and adventure are found in daily work; that one's power is measured by what she can do for the community; that narrow restrictions of social life cannot make for training of character. Do you understand me, dear?

SYLVIA (*slowly*). I—think—I—do.

MISS FERRIS. Look around you for unknown treasures; see beauty in the common tasks of everyday; learn to read the book of Mother Nature, and—(*rises*) dear me—I'm beginning to preach and it's too near lunch time to expect my audience to listen. (*Waves her hand as she goes off R. U. E.*) Till later!

(BLUE BIRD *rises, crosses and stands back of SYLVIA.*)

EMILY (*rising and walking to C.*). Good gracious! It positively gives me stage fright when I think of receiving my honor bead with the distinguished Miss Marshall standing by.

DOROTHY. You seem pretty confident of that honor bead.

EMILY. Why shouldn't I? (*Holds up basket.*) Look at this basket!

CONSTANCE (*critically*). It doesn't balance.

EMILY. Neither do your accounts. It *isn't* wobbly, is it, Amy? (AMY, *who has risen, is leaning on tree with back to audience.*) Amy? (No answer.) Amy? (AMY *turns.*) Why, you're a hundred miles away!

AMY (*coming to her and putting an arm about her shoulder*). Only in my thoughts.

EMILY. I'll trade you a penny for them.

AMY. They're worth more than that.

DOROTHY. Then let's have them.

AMY (*after a moment*). I'm afraid.

CONSTANCE. Afraid?

AMY. Afraid you'll laugh.

MARIAN (*coming to AMY's left*). Why, Amy, what do you mean?

AMY. Marian, have I ever been flighty—or superstitious—or imagined things?

MARIAN. Why of course not.

AMY (*anxiously*). And there's no sign of any mental derangement, is there?

MARIAN (*slipping her arm through AMY'S*). Why you funny old thing! *Why* do you ask such ridiculous questions?

AMY. Because—(*pauses*) I've seen a ghost! (*Silent astonishment.*) Thank you all for not laughing.

BLUE BIRD. But I thought there was no such thing as a ghost.

AMY. So did I.

SYLVIA. What was it?

AMY. That's what I don't know.

MARIAN. Tell us about it

AMY. I saw it three nights ago—the first time.

CONSTANCE. The *first* time? (*Rises. DOROTHY does the same, crosses and seizes CONSTANCE'S arm convulsively.*) Stop holding me, Dot, or I'll scream. (*They stand at MARIAN'S left.*)

AMY. I was writing in my diary—long after you people had gone to bed—and the—*thing*—passed my window.

BLUE BIRD. How did it look?

AMY. 'Twas tall—rather tall—with a loose white garment and a floating white veil.

SYLVIA. And what did you do?

AMY. Nothing—for I naturally thought it was either the cook or one of you people making a call upon your neighbors.

DOROTHY. Why, Amy, we never do that *here*.

AMY. Of course not—and if I hadn't been so sleepy I would have reasoned it out. But as it was—I just crawled into bed. Then—the next night—

CONSTANCE. Again? (*DOROTHY looks back of her.*) Stop looking over your shoulder, Dot—it gets on my nerves.

AMY. Again. This time I wakened—I don't know why—and saw it pass my window. I threw on a kimono—

and stepped out on the porch—but my ghostly friend was just disappearing into the shrubbery.

EMILY. Did you follow her—him—it—whatever it is?

AMY. Hardly. But last night I kept watch—right here. (*Everyone looks nervously around.*)

CONSTANCE. Don't jump so, Dot. I wouldn't be a bit afraid if it weren't for you.

SYLVIA (*excitedly*). Go on, Amy—go on!

AMY. I waited—and waited—hours it seemed. Suddenly, as I turned, there it was—almost behind me.

EMILY. Did you catch it?

CONSTANCE (*disgustedly*). Catch *air*? Ghosts are air.

AMY. This one seemed substantial—but I didn't catch it. I was too paralyzed to move.

MARIAN. What did it do?

AMY. Went swiftly along the path to the house, glided up the front steps and hurried down the left side of the porch to the far end, where it disappeared.

CONSTANCE (*wildly*). My room, Dot—*my* room!

AMY. That's my story—and the ghost will probably turn out to be something very matter-of-fact and easily explained. But I'm glad I've told you, for I don't want to worry Miss Ferris with it, and the whole thing puzzled me. Will you all help to solve the mystery?

Enter MISS FERRIS at R. U. E.

ALL. We will!

MISS FERRIS. Dear me! What is it? A mass meeting? Or a suffragette chorus?

EMILY. We're just swearing a swear—that's all. (*Takes MISS FERRIS by the hand and leads her to their midst.*)

MISS FERRIS. I hope it isn't so profane as it sounds, and that you don't mind being interrupted by another surprise.

AMY. Try us and see.

MISS FERRIS. Suppose I should say that this surprise can be produced by the mere snapping of my fingers.

SYLVIA. Then we would say that you had all the tricks of the vaudeville magician.

MISS FERRIS. Then—watch! (*Raises her voice.*) Stand forth, Wah-wah-taysee—Firefly! (*Snaps fingers.*)

Enter WAH-WAH-TAYSEE at L.

BLUE BIRD (*after a pause*). Oh, Miss Ferris—is she a truly Indian?

MISS FERRIS. Doesn't she look like a truly Indian? I found her camping near here. She has been educated on the reservation—and has promised to come daily so that you may ask her all about weaving, basketry and Indian lore.

EMILY (*clasping her hands*). How splendid!

MISS FERRIS. But that isn't all. (*Turns and whispers.*) She has the gift of second sight, and as I call you by name she will look below the surface and tell you what is mirrored there. (*Turns and crosses to WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, standing at her right.*) These are my Camp Fire maidens, Wah-wah-taysee—chant your magic words to each as she comes to you. (*Calls.*) Keewee—Rainbow!

(*AMY advances and stands in front of WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, who gazes steadfastly at her for a few moments, then speaks as if in a dream.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Hands that bear a torch of beauty,
Heart that burns with flame of friendship,
Eyes that see full many a vision.

(*AMY stands at MISS FERRIS' right.*)

MISS FERRIS. Disyadi—Moon Maiden! (*MARIAN advances.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Nature whispers you her story,
Tells you many a hidden secret,
Loves you for your understanding.

(*MARIAN withdraws to AMY's right.*)

MISS FERRIS. Gaoh—Spirit of the Wind! (*CONSTANCE advances.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Countless steps you take each morn-
ing,
Countless coins slip through your fingers,
Countless worries do they bring you.

(CONSTANCE *withdraws to MARIAN'S right.*)

MISS FERRIS. To-he-ha—Humming Bird! (DOROTHY *advances.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Wood you gather for the Council,
Seven laws you strive to follow,
Many a colored bead you covet.

(DOROTHY *withdraws to CONSTANCE'S right.*)

MISS FERRIS. Minnehaha—Laughing Water! (EMILY *advances.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. When you weave your pretty baskets,
In and out you weave your sunshine,
And your smile, oh Laughing Water!

(EMILY *withdraws to DOROTHY'S right.*)

MISS FERRIS. Owaissa—Blue Bird! (BLUE BIRD *advances.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Willing heart means loving service,
Willing feet bear wings of gladness,
Willing hands are magic scepters.

(BLUE BIRD *runs to EMILY and takes her hand.*)

MISS FERRIS. Sylvia!

(SYLVIA, *who has been standing by the stump, advances slowly. WAH-WAH-TAYSEE eagerly meets her halfway.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. In your eyes there is the shadow
And the sunshine and the message
That 'tis you must find the treasure.

Enter MRS. VALE at R. U. E. with her hands full of letters, papers, etc.

MRS. VALE. Letters!

(*All but SYLVIA and WAH-WAH-TAYSEE rush to her. The Indian draws SYLVIA to front of stage.*)

SYLVIA. What treasure—what do you mean?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. The treasure that can never be taken away—that is more precious than jewels—that brings joy and peace and contentment.

SYLVIA (*with curiosity*). Is it beauty?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Beauty can be taken away.

SYLVIA. Wealth?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Wealth does not bring contentment.
SYLVIA. Fame?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Fame does not satisfy.

SYLVIA. And why should *I* seek it?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Because—'tis written so in the stars.

SYLVIA. I do not understand you. (*Draws away.*) I do not believe that there is a treasure!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*dramatically*). I—Wah-wah-taysee—swear it—by the spirit of my fathers, by the fireflies that light my way, by the power of revelation which is given me. I swear it! (*Goes closer to SYLVIA.*)

SYLVIA. You look at me so strangely.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*in a whisper*). Because I am asking you to let me guide you.

SYLVIA (*in surprise*). Guide me?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. To a world you do not know—where the flowers, the birds, the stream and the woods will all whisper the hiding place of the treasure. (*After a pause.*) Will you come?

SYLVIA (*yielding to an impulse and holding out her hand*). I'll come! (*WAH-WAH-TAYSEE takes her outstretched hand.*)

(*Curtain falls on the girls reading their letters and MISS FERRIS eagerly watching SYLVIA and WAH-WAH-TAYSEE.*)

CURTAIN.

—
ACT II.

SCENE: *Same as Act I with exception of camp stool. Stage is illuminated for late afternoon.*

At rise WAH-WAH-TAYSEE and SYLVIA are seated on ground at C., WAH-WAH-TAYSEE weaving a basket and SYLVIA working on a bead head band. As curtain rises they are crooning an Indian song.

SYLVIA. I like your Indian songs and your Indian stories, Firefly, and most of all I like the clever Indian ways that you've taught me. Why, if I were ever to be cast on

a desert island, I could build a fire and cook a meal as well as anybody.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But you could have learned all those things without my help. Your Camp Fire teaches them.

SYLVIA. I *could* but I *wouldn't*. In fact, I didn't want to learn—until *you* came.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. And why?

SYLVIA. Because—oh, well—(*bending toward her*) Firefly, you've cast a spell over me and I might as well acknowledge it.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*earnestly*). But when I go away will the spell be lifted?

SYLVIA. It can't be lifted, for the woods and the flowers and the birds have become real friends to me—and that kind of friendship stays with one always, doesn't it?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. It can never be taken away.

SYLVIA. You said that about the treasure. By the way, Firefly, when shall I find the treasure?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Soon, Sylvia, soon. I promise you.

SYLVIA (*seriously*). Firefly, do you really see into the future?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. As far as it is given to me to see.

SYLVIA. And do you really understand magic?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. The magic of everyday. (*As SYLVIA is silent.*) Why do you ask?

SYLVIA. Because—well, some way, I don't understand you, Firefly. You don't seem like an Indian. Why, if I didn't know better, I'd say you were an American.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. I *am* an American. My fathers and my fathers' fathers roamed this country before *your* people chose it for their landing place.

SYLVIA. So they did—but I've never thought of it in that way. Then you're the *real* American and I'm just a poor imitation.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Some imitations can't be told from the real thing. (*Takes head band from SYLVIA.*) This, for example.

SYLVIA (*complacently*). It *is* good-looking, isn't it?

Won't the girls be surprised when they know that I'm intending to be a Wood Gatherer?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. And won't Miss Ferris be happy!

SYLVIA. I should have done it for her weeks ago. I realize it now and I'm sorry. You are responsible for awakening a sleepy conscience, Firefly. (*As WAH-WAH-TAYSEE protests.*) And you're going to be responsible for just one thing before I let you go.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. And that?

SYLVIA. My name. I want a name that will mean all the beautiful things you have been teaching me—that will remind me of all—this—(*looks around*) whenever I hear it spoken.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*after a pause*). Then suppose you call yourself Wayaka. It means—"see beauty."

SYLVIA. Wayaka! See beauty! Oh, that's what I want to do *always!* (*To herself.*) Wayaka—it's wonderful. What will the girls say when I tell them?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Are they very interested?

SYLVIA (*laughing*). *Interested!* They're hysterical, and I don't blame them. Wouldn't you be surprised if a pink and white china doll suddenly came to life and began to take an interest in things? Why the ghost doesn't have a shadow of a chance since I've come into notice.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*in surprise*). The *ghost*?

SYLVIA. Amy's ghost. I forgot to tell you about it. Amy saw it three successive nights and scared us all to death. We decided to keep watch and we have, but it seems to have made "positively its last appearance," and poor Amy is the joke of the camp.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. How long since—*this*—happened?

SYLVIA. Just two weeks. Why, Amy had barely finished telling us when you came. (*Dramatically.*) Enter Wah-wah-taysee—and exit ghost! (*Laughingly.*) You're responsible for that, too, Firefly.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*hastily*). Have you told the girls what you've been doing?

SYLVIA. Today I broke the news that I had walked a

mile before breakfast, and that for five successive mornings I had done the same thing. They were speechless—that's all—and the fact that they *were* speechless is the greatest triumph I could have had.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. What else?

SYLVIA. Yesterday I went canoeing with Marian and offered to paddle. She almost upset the canoe in her excitement, but she was good enough to say that I did it beautifully.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*enthusiastically*). You *do*!

SYLVIA (*patting her hand*). Just think who my teacher is! Then last night we went on a picnic. I was allowed to build the fire and cook the bacon, and the girls almost lost their appetites watching me. Then, afterward, when we told stories, my Indian legends were voted the best of all.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Wait until they see the basket that you're making.

SYLVIA. Yes—and wait until they see me swim. Blue Bird's in the secret and we have our little plan all made out. She will pretend to go beyond her depth and I shall dash boldly to the rescue. Then, as the paralyzed spectators behold my masterful strokes, they are expected to faint, one by one.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. You're having fun out of it all, aren't you?

SYLVIA. *Fun?* Why, I never knew what fun was until now. And to think that I've learned all these wonderful things in two weeks—for it's just been two weeks, hasn't it?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Just two weeks.

SYLVIA. It sounds like "French in Twenty Lessons" and "German While You Wait," doesn't it? I never have had much faith in short cuts, but my own brilliant career has made me change my mind. (*Camp Fire call off stage. Wohelo! Wohelo! Wohelo!*) There are the girls! They've been berrying. Hide my head band. (WAH-WAH-TAYSEE *covers the head band and starts to rise.*) Sit still, Firefly. I won't let you hurry off. (WAH-WAH-TAYSEE *seats herself again.*)

Enter all the girls at L. AMY and MARIAN, carrying a large pail of berries between them, are first to appear, and with a smile and greeting to WAH-WAH-TAYSEE and SYLVIA they cross the stage and pass out at R. U. E. DOROTHY and EMILY, with smaller pails, follow, and CONSTANCE and BLUE BIRD bring up the rear.

EMILY (*as she sinks at L. 2 E.*). I know just how a traveler on the desert feels when he reaches an oasis. (*Holds out pail to BLUE BIRD.*) Here, child; I can't go another step; really, I can't. (*BLUE BIRD takes pail.*)

DOROTHY (*reclining under tree L. U. E.*). Dot, crushed to earth, will not rise again. (*Extends pail.*) One more won't inconvenience you, will it, Blue Bird? (*BLUE BIRD sets down her own pail, takes DOROTHY's and looks at the three helplessly.*)

CONSTANCE. After you've walked miles and miles, and miles and miles, you feel just like a machine. Watch me now. (*Walks jerkily across the stage to R.*) There! I knew that I couldn't last forever. (*Rests on tree stump.*) Blue Bird, I don't know how these berries will get to the cook unless you chaperon them.

SYLVIA (*rising*). You lazy old tramps! Don't you suppose that Blue Bird has feelings and feet as well as you?

EMILY (*sighing*). But she's young, Sylvia; so young, and her bones haven't had a chance to go back on her.

SYLVIA. We won't argue, will we, Blue Bird? (*Picks up one pail and starts toward CONSTANCE.*) If they want us to turn into pack-horses we'll do it without a word. (*Takes CONSTANCE's pail and goes out R. U. E., followed by BLUE BIRD with the other two pails.*)

EMILY. Dot, you look like an Indian chief with those berry stains on your face. Wouldn't you take her for a long-lost brother, Firefly?

DOROTHY. Well, you're not spotless yourself. (*Looks at her critically.*) Measles, I should say—or maybe smallpox.

CONSTANCE (*groaning*). Smallpox is nothing compared to locomotor ataxia. I just *know* I have locomotor ataxia!

EMILY. Maybe it's the St. Vitus dance.

Enter SYLVIA and BLUE BIRD at R. U. E.

CONSTANCE. Sylvia, would you say that Con has locomotor ataxia or St. Vitus dance?

SYLVIA (*sitting at C. with BLUE BIRD by her.*) I refuse to admit that there's anything but good health in this particular Camp Fire group.

DOROTHY (*sarcastically*). Oh, you *do!* How long since candy and indigestion were your best friends?

SYLVIA (*meditatively*). Candy! What does it look like? How does it taste?

CONSTANCE. You ought to know, for a box came to you in yesterday's mail.

SYLVIA (*sweetly*). But I gave it to the cook, dear—ribbons, gold seal and all! If she falter in her duty, let the fault be mine.

BLUE BIRD (*snuggling close to SYLVIA*). I wish that you had gone berrying, Sylvia.

SYLVIA. And I would have gone if I hadn't had my lessons to do.

EMILY (*with curiosity*). Lessons? What lessons?

SYLVIA (*gravely*). Nature studies, you might call them.

CONSTANCE (*mockingly*). "Study in summer time? Not much." I quote you, Sylvia.

SYLVIA (*calmly*). Hasn't a woman the right to change her mind?

DOROTHY. She has. Now tell us what you've learned.

SYLVIA. Well, this morning Firefly introduced me to all the birds, for I've had only a bowing acquaintance up to this time. (*Rises and goes to trees, R. U. E.*) There's a robin's nest up here (*points*) and a bluebird lives here (*goes to trees, R. 2 E.*), and the thrush and the sparrow and the oriole and the lark have all made friends with me.

EMILY. Surely it hasn't taken you all day to do *that*?

SYLVIA. Almost, though between introductions I did manage to chat with some flowers. There was a darling little Violet just like you, Blue Bird, and a pretty Dorothy

rose which (*slyly*) had an occasional thorn; and a Johnny-Jump-Up with a smile like Em's, and—(as WAH-WAH-TAYSEE rises and crosses to L.) you're not going, Firefly? (WAH-WAH-TAYSEE *nods*.) Then I'll go with you. (*Follows WAH-WAH-TAYSEE off stage at L.*)

EMILY (*after a significant pause in which each looks knowingly at the other*). Well, what do you think of Sylvia?

DOROTHY (*crossly*). "What do **you** think of Sylvia?" I do get so tired of that question.

CONSTANCE. Nobody in the camp talks about anything else.

EMILY. Except the ghost—you forget the ghost.

CONSTANCE (*fervently*). I have forgotten it, thank goodness! I slept soundly last night for the first time in two weeks.

DOROTHY (*impressively*). To come back to the subject of Sylvia.

EMILY. How can we come back to what we haven't left?

DOROTHY. Don't be smarty. It's not so much Sylvia as the Indian I'm thinking of.

CONSTANCE. I don't see how you can think of one without the other. They're never apart.

DOROTHY. That's just it. Whenever *we* come, *she* goes—and Sylvia follows.

CONSTANCE. Did you notice that Firefly didn't address one single word to us?

EMILY. Maybe she didn't like my saying that Dot looks like an Indian chief. (*Thoughtfully regarding DOROTHY.*) It is hard on the Indian chief!

DOROTHY. There's something queer about her. She's simply bewitched Sylvia.

EMILY. But she's interested her as we couldn't do—you *must* acknowledge that.

DOROTHY. *Interested* her! Hypnotized her, you mean. It's magic, pure and simple.

EMILY. I didn't know that magic was ever pure and simple.

DOROTHY. Oh, you can joke if you want, but some day you'll see! (*After a pause.*) I don't even believe she's an Indian!

CONSTANCE. How silly of you! What else could she be?

DOROTHY (*dramatically*). An impostor!

EMILY. But why should she be imposing 'round this camp?

CONSTANCE (*reluctantly*). Well, I *will* say that I think it's strange Miss Ferris allows Sylvia to be with her so much.

BLUE BIRD (*whose agitation has been visibly increasing*). Oh, you mustn't say such things about Firefly! She's taught Sylvia so many things—wonderful things—and she's made her—oh, so different—and—

CONSTANCE. Has taken her from her friends.

BLUE BIRD. But she *hasn't* taken her from her friends! Firefly wouldn't do anything so mean.

DOROTHY (*crushingly*). That's just like you, Blue Bird—going back on us and standing up for that Indian.

Enter AMY and MARIAN at R. U. E.

DOROTHY. An Indian, too! (*Scornfully.*) A plain, common, everyday Indian.

EMILY. A moment ago you said she wasn't an Indian. Consistency isn't your strong point, my dear.

AMY (*seating herself on ground at C., with MARIAN on hillock*). Talking of Firefly? Instead of a plain, common, everyday Indian, I'd call her a bewitching, unusual, story-book Indian.

MARIAN. Who has changed Sylvia into a girl that any Camp Fire would be proud to claim.

DOROTHY (*loftily*). I won't argue the question, Amy, for I've spent enough time and energy discussing your ghost.

EMILY (*teasingly*). How is the Lady in White, my dear?

CONSTANCE. Give her my best regards when you see her.

AMY. Don't humiliate me any more, girls, for I know you'll never forgive all the sleepless nights I've caused you.

CONSTANCE. Never mind, Amy, for I had a perfectly good snooze last night (*yawning*), even if I did wake up dead tired this morning. (*Stretches out her foot.*) It just can't be anything but locomotor ataxia!

DOROTHY. Oh, yes it can—St. Vitus dance, you know.

EMILY. Or gout, Connie. Funny we didn't think of gout.

MARIAN (*seriously*). I wonder if you all realize that our last Council Fire comes tomorrow night.

AMY. The summer has gone so quickly, hasn't it? So much has happened—

MARIAN. And so much *hasn't* happened. (*Pause.*) Girls, *where* is Miss Marshall?

DOROTHY. "Where is Miss Marshall?" "Where is the ghost?" "What do you think of Sylvia?" Positively, this camp is just one big interrogation point!

MARIAN. With the question about Miss Marshall always unanswered.

AMY. If she can't come, why doesn't Miss Ferris tell us so?

MARIAN. Instead of evading any discussion of the subject. I can't understand it at all.

CONSTANCE. Surely she wouldn't come now just as we're ready to break up camp.

EMILY. Why not? I think it would be a good send-off. We'd depart with flying colors—

DOROTHY. And rattling beads.

MARIAN. Well, let's ask Miss Ferris again.

Enter MISS FERRIS and SYLVIA at L.

MISS FERRIS. Ask Miss Ferris—*what?* (*All but CONSTANCE rise.*)

MARIAN (*promptly*). If Miss Marshall is coming.

MISS FERRIS. She is. In fact, she'll be with us for Council Fire tomorrow night. (*Girls, including SYLVIA, catch hands and circle around her.*) How's that for news?

EMILY. Perfectly bully. I haven't had such a thrill

since I heard about Amy's ghost. (*Claps hand over mouth.*) Oh, I forgot!

MISS FERRIS (*quickly*). Amy's ghost? Are you joking?

DOROTHY. *We're not, but it was—*

MARIAN (*drawing her toward the hillock*). Come, hear about it.

MISS FERRIS. Is it as long a story as that? (*Glances at the bundles in her arms.*) I've lots to do and—(BLUE BIRD *quietly relieves her of some of the bundles*).

EMILY (*on one side*). Then hear it standing up—I'll support you if your knees knock together.

DOROTHY (*on other side*). And I'll fan you if you faint—

CONSTANCE. And I'll tell the story.

AMY. No, you won't. For it's all over. I must have dreamed it, and if it is a ghost it will never come again.

MISS FERRIS (*laughing*). Then if it will never come again, why should we worry? Cheer up, Amy, for the only ghosts which can haunt this camp are those of Poor Health, Idle Hands and Selfish Hearts, and by our Camp Fire incantation we'll banish all evil spirits. Now, which would you rather have—me or your supper? (*Starts toward R. U. E.*) Don't answer, for it might hurt my feelings. (*Exit R. U. E. with BLUE BIRD.*)

SYLVIA (*drawing money from pocket*). Here's something for the camp treasury, Connie. I've been carrying it all day and forgetting to give it to you. (*Throws it.*) Catch!

CONSTANCE (*as she catches it*). Oh, dear! I wish you'd keep your old money, for now I'm obliged to get up and put it away and give you a receipt (*rises*), for if I don't something will be sure to happen. (*Limps to R. U. E.*)

EMILY (*as she and DOROTHY follow her*). Where's the latest hiding place, Con?

DOROTHY. I'll wager she's forgotten it!

CONSTANCE (*turning at R. U. E.*). Oh, you will, will you? Then you'll lose. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

AMY (*drawing MARIAN and SYLVIA to L. 2 E. as EMILY*

and DOROTHY talk together at R. U. E.). Do you mind if I bring up the subject of the ghost again?

MARIAN. Mind? Why should we?

SYLVIA. For my part, I've never been quite satisfied to drop it. A perfectly good ghost needs to be settled in one way or other.

AMY. That's just what I want you to do.

MARIAN. How?

AMY. By watching once more with me tonight—not in the house, but here.

MARIAN. But—Amy—

AMY. It's foolish, I know; but I'll never be satisfied until I make this last effort.

SYLVIA. It's a real adventure. Count on me.

MARIAN (*after a moment*). And on me.

AMY. You're trumps—both of you. If we see nothing tonight, I'll be satisfied that I dreamed it all. (*Emphatically.*) No, I won't either; for I saw it—I know I did—and—

EMILY (*coming to C. with DOROTHY*). Dear me, aren't we exclusive?

DOROTHY. And don't we like to have secrets from other people?

SYLVIA (*joining them*). No secret at all, unless you call the ghost of a secret.

CONSTANCE *appears at R. U. E. and comes slowly to C. She bears every sign of being panic stricken.*

SYLVIA. Why, Constance, what on earth is the matter?

CONSTANCE (*gasping*). It's gone!

MARIAN (*rushing to her*). What's gone?

CONSTANCE. The money box!

MARIAN (*soothingly*). Oh, no, it isn't. You've just forgotten where you put it last.

CONSTANCE. I haven't forgotten. I know—that is I thought—(*wringing hands*) oh, it's gone—gone—and it's my fault—

AMY (*crossing and placing her arm around CONSTANCE'S*

shoulder). Now, Con, don't get excited, but tell us quietly just what has happened.

CONSTANCE (*composing herself with an effort*). I've had this last hiding place for a week and I didn't mean to change—ever. It's under a loose plank in the floor and all covered by the rug.

AMY (*encouragingly*). That makes a splendid cubby-hole. Now go on.

CONSTANCE. Last night the box was there. I remember looking just before I crawled in bed and feeling nervous for fear it wasn't the best place. Today I've been too busy to think about it until just now, when—(*hysterically*)—oh, it's gone—it's gone—it's my fault—and I won't even get my bead!

AMY. Of course you'll get your bead, for if you are sure you had the box in that particular place, it must have been taken out by somebody else.

CONSTANCE. You mean—stolen?

AMY. Of course. What other explanation is there?

MARIAN. But nobody else knows that it was hidden there.

AMY. Somebody *must* know.

MARIAN. And there has been no one in camp except ourselves and cook.

AMY (*quickly*). Cook's honesty can't be questioned.

DOROTHY (*suddenly*). Girls! (*Pauses and hesitates.*)

AMY. Well?

DOROTHY. We all know of some one who has gone in and out of our camp for two weeks—who has had every chance to see what we do—to know where we go—to listen to our plans.

MARIAN (*hesitatingly*). You mean—

DOROTHY. Firefly.

SYLVIA. Firefly take the money? Impossible. How dare you say it—or think it!

DOROTHY. After all, Sylvia, she is an Indian, and we know nothing of her except what she chooses to tell.

SYLVIA (*excitedly*). If you knew her as I know her—

DOROTHY. But we don't—that's the point. We must admit that she has never cared to be with us.

AMY (*hastily*). Constance, you see how important it is to remember the exact hiding place. Now think—and think hard. Did you at any time change this hiding place?

CONSTANCE. Oh, Amy, I didn't—I didn't—I'm sure—sure. Oh, I never was more sure of anything!

AMY (*moving to R. U. E.*). Then we must lay it all before Miss Ferris. (*All but SYLVIA follow slowly.*)

SYLVIA. Oh, girls, don't lose your faith in Firefly—don't believe this dreadful thing about her! She couldn't stoop to a dishonest act—she couldn't have an unworthy thought. She's true and good and—(*as they all go out at R. U. E.*) oh, I won't believe it—I won't believe it!

Enter BLUE BIRD at L.

BLUE BIRD (*coming up behind SYLVIA*). Oh, Sylvia, she's gone—she's gone away!

SYLVIA (*turning*). *Who's gone away?*

BLUE BIRD. Firefly.

SYLVIA. How do you know?

BLUE BIRD. I saw her—out there—(*pointing off L.*) at the edge of the woods. She was going without a word of goodbye.

SYLVIA. Did she send me no message?

BLUE BIRD. She said—(*hesitates*).

SYLVIA (*eagerly*). Yes?

BLUE BIRD. To tell you that you had found the treasure.

SYLVIA (*to herself*). That I had found the treasure—the treasure!

(*Curtain is lowered for a moment to indicate a passage of several hours.*)

Curtain rises on SYLVIA seated at R. 2 E. and AMY and MARIAN walking up and down R. Stage is dark save for the electric flashlights which the girls carry.

AMY (*clutching MARIAN*). Did you hear a noise?

SYLVIA. Just my teeth—they're chattering like castanets. (*AMY and MARIAN continue to walk up and down.*)

MARIAN (*stopping in her walk*). Something touched me then.

SYLVIA. My courage, maybe—it's oozing fast. (*Rises and crosses to L. 2 E.*)

MARIAN. What time is it, Amy?

AMY (*flashing her light on a wrist watch*). It hasn't been ten minutes since you asked me last.

MARIAN. It seems—hours. I wish that ghosts walked on scheduled time. (*Sits on stump at R. 2 E.*)

SYLVIA. Maybe the modern ghost does.

MARIAN (*nervously*). Listen—what was that?

SYLVIA. My heart doing double time and slipping a cog—don't get excited.

MARIAN. I know I heard a rustle.

SYLVIA. Ghosts don't rustle.

MARIAN (*turning and catching hold of AMY*). Amy, what *would* we do if it *did* appear?

AMY. Catch it, of course.

MARIAN. But how can you catch something that *isn't*? Don't you remember the ghost we read about in Vergil, and how she slipped into nothingness every time Aeneas tried to put his arm around her?

SYLVIA. That was a proof of her good behavior, my dear, not her nothingness.

AMY. Anyway, I believe that my ghost is a somebody, not a something. I—

SYLVIA (*in a tone in which horror and bewilderment are mingled*). Girls! (*Points to R. U. E., where a white-robed figure, wearing a long, floating veil is standing.*)

AMY (*excitedly*). Now was I mistaken! Now did I dream it!

MARIAN (*rising*). Hush! It's moving!

(*The figure crosses slowly to L. and as the girls stand in trembling uncertainty it reaches the hollow tree at L. U. E., reaches into it and draws out a box.*)

SYLVIA (*in a whisper*). I'm going nearer—I *must* know

what it is! (*Goes close to the figure, lifts the veil and peers into its face.*) Girls! It's Connie! Connie!

AMY (*starting forward*). Connie! It can't be!

SYLVIA. It *is*—and she's walking in her sleep.

MARIAN (*excitedly, pointing*). Look what she's carrying! The money box!

AMY. Then she hid it herself.

SYLVIA. Exactly. (*Shakes CONSTANCE lightly.*) Wake up, Connie, wake up. (*CONSTANCE slowly opens her eyes and looks dazedly around.*)

CONSTANCE. Why am I—*here*? What has happened? (*As she recognizes the girls.*) Amy! Marian! Sylvia!

AMY (*leading her down C. to front of stage*). You've been walking in your sleep, Connie.

CONSTANCE (*still dazed*). I don't understand. Is it a joke?

MARIAN. It's a joke on us, for you're the ghost!

CONSTANCE (*fully awake*). The—what?

MARIAN. The ghost. Look! We've caught you—long white bath robe, floating automobile veil and all!

CONSTANCE. You mean—

AMY (*laughing*). That your passion for exercise extended into the wee, small hours of the night. No wonder you're tired when you wake up in the morning.

CONSTANCE. But why didn't you catch me before this? Just think of the nights when we all kept watch.

MARIAN. Silly! How could you keep watch and play the ghost at the same time!

SYLVIA. You haven't noticed what you're holding.

CONSTANCE. My money box! Where did it come from?

SYLVIA. The hollow tree—where you had carefully hidden it.

CONSTANCE (*indignantly*). I didn't hide it there.

AMY. Oh, yes you did—last night. You said it was the first time in two weeks you had slept soundly.

SYLVIA. And you were worrying over the hiding place just before you went to sleep—so—

MARIAN. You immediately transferred the box to the hollow tree. See?

CONSTANCE. Oh, girls! Isn't it dreadful? Just think how I've been tearing 'round the country—like this. Why, I might have been murdered—

MARIAN. Or stolen—

AMY. Or shot—

SYLVIA. Or arrested!

CONSTANCE. What do people do to ghosts, anyway?

SYLVIA. They lay them.

CONSTANCE. Lay them—*where?*

SYLVIA (*catching CONSTANCE'S arm*). In bed; don't they, girls? Come along. (*Hurries her to R., followed by others.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE: *Same as Acts I and II.*

At rise, stage is clear and not illuminated, since it is night. After a moment the Camp Fire girls enter in single file, wearing the ceremonial costume and carrying lighted lanterns. MISS FERRIS leads the line, followed by the others in this order: AMY, MARIAN, EMILY, CONSTANCE, DOROTHY, SYLVIA and BLUE BIRD. EMILY, CONSTANCE and DOROTHY bear fagots of wood; MISS FERRIS, AMY, MARIAN and SYLVIA each carry an unlighted candle. MISS FERRIS takes her place in the circle, back of C., by hillock, and each girl as she enters the circle makes the hand sign of fire (flattening fingers of right hand against those of left, raising the right hand and following the curves of flame), at the same time that the Guardian makes it, then sits down in her place in the circle. After all are seated, MISS FERRIS sits on hillock with AMY at her left and BLUE BIRD at her right.

After a moment EMILY, CONSTANCE and DOROTHY rise and arrange the fagots in a triangle at C. AMY steps for-

ward and lights the fire by rubbing two sticks of wood together as all repeat the Ode to Fire.

ALL (*standing*). Oh, Fire!

Long years ago when our fathers fought with great animals you were their protection;

When they needed food you changed the flesh of beasts into savory meat for them;

During all the ages your mysterious flame has been a symbol to them for spirit;

So (tonight), we light our fire in remembrance of the Great Spirit who gave you to us.

(*All but MISS FERRIS seat themselves. AMY rises, places candle L. of fire; MARIAN places candle in front of fire at C.; SYLVIA places candle at R. of fire, and as each finishes her task she returns to her place in the circle. MISS FERRIS lights the candle which she carries, hands it to DOROTHY, who steps R. of C. and kneels on one knee.*)

DOROTHY. I light the light of Work—for Wohelo means work. (*Lights candle R. of C.*)

ALL. Wohelo means work. We glorify work because through work we are free. We work to win, to conquer, to be masters. We work for the joy of the working and because we are free. Wohelo means work.

(*DOROTHY returns to her position after handing the candle to MISS FERRIS. MISS FERRIS hands candle to CONSTANCE, who steps to C. and kneels on one knee.*)

CONSTANCE. I light the light of Health—for Wohelo means health. (*Lights candle in front of fire.*)

ALL. Wohelo means health. We hold on to health because through health we serve and are happy. In caring for the health and beauty of our persons, we are caring for the very shrine of the Great Spirit. Wohelo means health.

(*CONSTANCE hands candle to MISS FERRIS and returns to her position. MISS FERRIS hands candle to EMILY, who steps L. of C. and kneels on one knee.*)

EMILY. I light the light of Love—for Wohelo means love. (*Lights candle L. of C.*)

ALL. Wohelo means love. We love love, for love is life and light and joy and sweetness. And love is comradeship and motherhood and fatherhood and all dear kinship. Love is the joy of service, so deep that self is forgotten. Wohelo means love.

(EMILY hands candle to MISS FERRIS and returns to her former position. MISS FERRIS extinguishes candle and places it beside her.)

MISS FERRIS (*calling roll*). Kee-wee?

AMY. Kolah.

MISS FERRIS. Disyadi?

MARIAN. Kolah.

MISS FERRIS. Minnehaha?

EMILY. Kolah.

MISS FERRIS. Gaoh?

CONSTANCE. Kolah.

MISS FERRIS. To-he-ha?

DOROTHY. Kolah.

MISS FERRIS. Kee-wee will read us the count of our last ceremonial. (*Sits.*)

AMY (*rising and reading*).

Hear the sighing of the pine trees,

Listen to the rippling waters,

Heed the glimmer of the sunshine,

Ye who wish to know the story

Of the maidens by the Camp Fire.

For the pine trees, tall and stately,

Whisper "Faithfully they've labored

In each homely, common duty;

Finding beauty by the roadside,

Finding romance and adventure

In the tasks they chose to master.

Work has laid its charm upon them."

Then the music of the waters

Murmurs "By the lake they've wandered,

Beautiful in strength and vigor,
 Happy in the outdoor freedom,
 Eager to know Mother Nature,
 Health their watchword and their glory."

While the sunshine as it glimmers
 Through the green and leafy branches,
 Sings, "My brightness is reflected
 In the hearts of all the maidens,
 Bringing love for one another,
 Love for all the world without them."

Silent grow the faithful pine trees,
 Quiet lie the rippling waters,
 Snowflakes drive away the sunshine.
 Yet we hear their gentle message—
 "Come again to us next summer,
 Meet once more in happy council
 'Round the steady flame of friendship." (Sits.)

MISS FERRIS (*rising*).

Kee-wee's words will linger with us
 In the months that are to follow,
 And Disyadi will continue
 All the record of achievement
 When we meet again in Council.

(*Changes to a conversational tone.*) There is a Camp Fire rule that Blue Birds may never speak in a meeting of this kind. Tonight, as I signal you for the kind deeds you have done, I break the rule and ask our Owaissa to be the first to tell us of what her busy hands have accomplished. (*Girls softly applaud.*)

BLUE BIRD (*without rising*). I have never refused to do what has been asked me.

MISS FERRIS. And thereby have helped others. (*Addressing circle.*) Quickly now around the circle—without rising. What kind deeds have been done since the last Council? (*Nods to SYLVIA.*)

SYLVIA. I have helped cook on busy days by setting the table and washing the dishes.

MISS FERRIS. And at the same time have given Yourself a knowledge of practical and necessary things.

DOROTHY. I made myself a shirtwaist and then gave it to someone who needed it more than I.

MISS FERRIS. It is always a great thing to cultivate unselfishness.

CONSTANCE. By playing the ghost—even if I didn't mean to do it—I have proved to the girls that they should never believe in the supernatural.

MISS FERRIS (*stifling a smile*). A worth while lesson.

EMILY. Each day I have taken care of a baby in the village so that the mother could rest.

MISS FERRIS. And there is no more beautiful service than that to a little child.

MARIAN. I have been teaching some of the village girls all of the splendid out-of-door sports which have meant so much to me.

MISS FERRIS. And thereby have learned the joy of sharing happiness with others.

AMY. And I have written to a number of city "shut-ins" telling them of our Camp Fire life.

MISS FERRIS. And doubtless enclosing a ray of sunshine, a whiff of fresh air and the spicy odor of pine trees. (*Pauses for a moment and addresses them all.*) Tonight there are many honors to bestow and many beads to deck your ceremonial gowns. The red bead of health—the orange of home—the blue of nature lore—the brown of camp—the green of hand craft—the yellow of business—the red, white and blue of patriotism—all have been justly and beautifully won. Our Wood Gatherers are waiting to become Fire Makers; our trusty Fire Maker is ready for the steady leadership of the Torch Bearer. It is to be a wonderful and memorable ceremony, and it is fitting that the presiding genius shall be one who has given so much of herself to Camp Fire work.

AMY (*impulsively*). Miss Marshall!

MISS FERRIS. Miss Marshall. At last she is with us and

I shall summon her by the same magic that brought Wah-wah-taysee to you. (*Snaps fingers.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE enters at L., comes quickly around to MISS FERRIS and stands at her left. She wears her Indian costume and carries a basket of bright colored beads. The girls gaze at her in amazement.

SYLVIA (*half rising*). Firefly!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Yes—Firefly—tonight, for the last time. Tomorrow I'll be Margaret Marshall to you, and (*laughing*) I won't be so dark as I'm painted.

AMY. But, Miss Marshall, why did you come to us like *this*?

MARIAN. And why haven't we been given the chance to know you?

MISS FERRIS. Answer them, Margaret, in your own way. (*Sits.*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Then I shall tell a fairy story—with a true, true ending—and I think you will all understand. (*Pauses.*) Once upon a time there was a little princess in whom there lay great possibilities. The good fairies who clustered around her cradle gave her many wonderful gifts, but a spiteful elf touched her eyes and made a wish that she should never see the good and beautiful in common, everyday things. As the princess grew older, those who loved her grieved because so much of life's true meaning was taken from her, and, finally, one who was near to her heart felt that the evil spell might be broken by a certain Indian maid. (*Pauses.*)

BLUE BIRD. Oh, go on with the story, Miss Marshall. *Go on!*

MISS FERRIS. Has it a meaning for you, Blue Bird?

BLUE BIRD (*softly*). Oh, yes, yes!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. The Indian told the princess that she must search for a great treasure, and the princess, fascinated by the mystery of it all, began to yield to the magic which the Indian sought to cast upon each daily task—upon each object in the great out-of-door world. Slowly the evil spell was lifted; little by little the eyes of the prin-

cess beheld wonderful and marvelous things, and ere she realized it she had found the treasure—the treasure that can never be taken away, that is more precious than jewels, that brings joy and peace and contentment.

MISS FERRIS (*softly*). And the treasure?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Was threefold. For she discovered that beauty, romance and adventure lie in the daily work which makes for the training of character; that out-of-door habits bring the priceless gift of health, and that happy comradeship, service for others and forgetfulness of self mean a deep and lasting love.

MISS FERRIS (*rising*). The little fairy story brings its own understanding, doesn't it? And now—because it is a happy night for all of us—because we are justly proud of the one in our midst who has so beautifully learned the Camp Fire spirit—I ask that, before the bestowal of your honors, we admit this member to the rank of Wood Gatherer. Shall it be so?

ALL (*clapping hands*). Yes—oh, yes!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Sylvia? (*SYLVIA comes forward and stands before WAH-WAH-TAYSEE.*) Is it your desire to become a Wood Gatherer?

SYLVIA. It is.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. You have met with every requirement?

SYLVIA. I have.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Tell us your choice of name.

SYLVIA. Wayaka. It means—*see beauty*.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. And your symbol?

SYLVIA. The crescent moon. It signifies growth—and it is my wish to grow in knowledge.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Wohelo means work. What have your hands been taught to do?

SYLVIA. Many things I never knew before—cooking, sewing, cleaning.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (*holding up the basket*). And the basket which holds these beads. (*Holds up head band.*)

And the head band which I shall soon place upon you. Has not the work brought a satisfaction?

SYLVIA. The satisfaction of doing for myself what others have always done for me.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Wohelo means health. What have you done that has brought you health?

SYLVIA. I have learned to swim, to row, to walk, to build a fire. I know the birds, the flowers. And—(*hesitates*)

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Yes?

SYLVIA (*smiling*). I have seen the enemy Candy overcome by the giant, Wholesome Appetite.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Wohelo means love. What has your heart to say?

SYLVIA. That true happiness comes only from thought of others.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Kneel. (*SYLVIA kneels.*) I crown you with achievement (*places head band upon her*) and I bestow upon you this mark of honor (*throws necklace over her shoulders*). The red bead is for the habits of health and vigor which you have formed; the orange represents your knowledge of home tasks; the blue will bring to mind all the beautiful nature lore which you have so enjoyed; the brown stands for the secrets of the woods which have become yours; the green is a silent tribute to your clever hand craft. Rise. (*SYLVIA rises.*)

(*WAH-WAH-TAYSEE places fingers of right hand across those of left. SYLVIA makes the same sign. WAH-WAH-TAYSEE slips the Wood Gatherer's ring from her own finger upon SYLVIA's and holds her hand as she repeats.*)

As fagots are brought from the forest
 Firmly held by the sinews which bind them,
 So cleave to these others, your sisters,
 Whenever, wherever you find them.
 Be strong as the fagots are sturdy,
 Be pure in your deepest desire;
 Be true to the truth that is in you
 And—follow the law of the fire!

ALL (*rise, place right hands over their hearts and repeat*).

This law of fire
I will strive to follow
With all the strength
And endurance of my body,
The power of my will,
The keenness of my mind,
The warmth of my heart
And the sincerity of my spirit.

CURTAIN.

Parlor Matches

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

An engaging comedy of society, 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. Scene: 1 simple interior. Characters: Vance Trelford, a professional hero, who doesn't want to be engaged. Don Radey, his cousin, a serious young man, engaged, thank you. Ferdinand Poppleton, a frivolous young man, likewise engaged. Jorkes, the butler, who may or may not be engaged. Mrs. Seltoon, who believes in engagements. Margaret Seltoon, her elder daughter, engaged to Mr. Radey. Suzanne Seltoon, her younger daughter, engaged to Mr. Poppleton. Gail Lawrence, her ward, engaging and eventually engaged. Abigail Mullen, A. B., her maid, temporarily engaged, as it were.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, bow-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdie decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garb of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancée. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

Sewing for the Heathen

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 15 Cents

Entertainment for 9 ladies, either young or middle-aged. Time, 40 minutes. Can be played on any stage or platform, or even in any room. Very refined. Suitable for church or any society. Characters: Mrs. Judd, the hostess. Mrs. Chester, the president. Mrs. R. B. Powers, the stranger. Grandma Gibbs, deaf but persistent. Miss Luella Huggins, so sentimental. Mrs. Strong, a suffragist. Mrs. Meeker, gentle and good. Mrs. Day, a bride. Meely, the hired girl.

SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardeniére. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

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Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2
Divided Attentions, 35 min.	1	4
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min.	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5	
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Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Shadows, 35 min.	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
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Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min.	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min.	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min.	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
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